MANDRAGORA;

OR, THE

QUACKS:

A

POEM.

In Two CANTO'S.

Grammaticus, Rhetor, Geometres, Pictor, Aliptes,
Augur, Schænobates, Medicus, Magus: Omnia novit.
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MARMION;

OR, THE

BOOK AND BIRD:

A

TWO CANTOS.

MANDRAGORA;

OR, THE

QUACKS.

CANTO I.

NEAR *Essex*, foster'ing Nurse of *Lion*,
There is a Bridge, as I'm told by one,
Divides Two Counties: 'Tis well [known,
On one Side stands a trading Town:
Whether in Hemp, in Sayes, or Camblet,
't matters not; for there's a Hamlet

On 'tother Side: And, just between 'em,
Runs gentle Stream, late known to Seamen.
But, e'er we leave the River's Brink,
We will supply our selves with Ink:
For by the Edge does gently glide,
Now green, and then a purple Tide;
It's oft cerulean as the Sky,
And sometimes of another Dye;
As, for Example, red as Cherry,
And oft as black as *Stygian* Ferry.
Here th'*Naiads* sport in watry Furrows,
Pleas'd with Variety of Colours;
Where Poets, if they nick the Time,
May choose their Ink for any Rhime.

No Colour's wanting there to Paint
A Fool, or Wit; a Dev'l, or Saint;
A dying Swain, or cruel Miſtreſs,
Of which ſad Stories are in Hiſtories;
The Joyous plump, with Laughter, grown,
Or Envious gnawing ev'ry Bone;
Or any Thing, that you can think on,
The Devil looking over *Lincoln*.
But hold, by Cuſtom, 'tis requir'd,
That we ſhou'd pray to be inſpir'd:
Tho' it be a Poetic Fancy,
As there's no harm in't, that I can ſee,
The Crowd of Poets we will follow,
Invoking —— (God knows who ——) *Apollo*.

Then,

Then, *Phœbus*, with all due Submission,
Thou God of Poet, and Physician;
And, eke no less, ye tuneful Nine,
Assist me now, 'tis the first Time,
And teach me how to rhime, and jingle,
Without which Poet ne'er cou'd sing well.
For as the Foot extreamest Part is
Of Body, and bears the whole Carcas,
So here to th' last Foot it belongs
To bear the Burden of our Songs.
Hence, 'spite of Rumour, we'll defend,
That Poets mind their latter End:
That th' Charms of Verses are in the Tails,
The Muses else had not been Females.

Methinks,

Methinks, Gods, Goddesses, and Satyrs,
With wild Chimera's, now cut Capers,
In merry Brain; the Muses play,
And sing, and dance as well as they.
Besides I feel something, from Brain,
Run tickling down, in merry Vein,
Into each Finger, on the right,
With an uncommon Itch to write:
This must be Inspiration, sure,
I never felt the like before.
Then let's begin, we can't digress,
For 'tis no Matter, so't be Verse,
Of what we write. Nor shall we err,
Tho' it be down-right Nonsence: For I

He that's inspir'd, or is possest,
Speaks what the Devil, or Muse think best.
But Satan nothing here infuses,
We'll lay our Blunders on the Muses:
For they must answer all, like those,
Who teach their Parrots Names, and Oaths.
A Poet's much the same as Parrot,
This speaks, that writes just what they are taught:
Then, since the tattling Things are thoughtless,
And talk without Book, sure they're faultless.
We hope the Reader thinks the same,
If not we know who is to blame:
However we'll leave ev'ry one
To use his Pleasure, and go on

I'th'

I'th' Town of which we gave a Hint,
There lives a Doctor, ſeldom in't;
As fam'd for curing Men, as Cattle,
Sir-nam'd *Mandragora*, the *Fatal*.
But Authors raiſe Diſputes, and quarrel
About the Name: They likewiſe are all
Doubtful from whence he ſprung, but 'tis
By moſt ſuppos'd to be from Piſs.
There's ſomething in't; 'tis known but ſeldom,
That one can ſee ſo far through Mill-ſtone,
As he thro' thickeſt Clouds of Urine,
Finding Diſeaſe, and Way of Curing.
All their own Kind can beſt diſcover;
Hence one Thief's ſet to catch another:

And he, unless his Soul were *Phosphorus*,
Cou'd never judge so right and prosperous.
So Poets sing, that fell *Orion*,
Which Story we do much rely on,
Was, by the Urine of three modest
Gods, begot, no Thanks to a Goddess.
On this we will no longer dwell,
But leave the learned World to smell
The Truth on't out, as soon's they please:
We know enough, in knowing 'tis
Much easier to dissect the *Chaos*,
Prove from what Part was form'd the Sea-horse;
That th' Moon, and Man in't are meer Fancies,
Or that 'tis an old Rat in Green-cheese;

That Whores love all the Rakes that kiss 'em;
That Fools, because they've Brains, have Wisdom;
Than to describe so odd a Mannikin,
That one can't well compare to any thing.

The Horse was painted, Stories tell us,
By Chance, not Art, by great *Apelles*:
So here 'twill be the self-same Case,
If we shou'd rightly paint this Ass.

And now know all Men, by these Presents,
And Women too, for sundry Reasons;
Our Doctor is a little strange Thing,
Some say a Dwarf, others a Changeling:
For he is of the Pygmy Mold,
And, tho' but little, very old.

Of's Age anon expect the History,
For Truth, 'till known, oft seems a Misery.
So old he is, so lasting's Brass,
T' *Hippocrates* he Pupil was:
And went to see *Democritus*
Along with him; tells what it was
They talk'd about; how he did rattle
The People for their Tittle-tattle:
With twenty thousand things beside,
So plain, they cannot be deny'd.
And they, that have good Skill in Phizes,
Have very well observ'd, that his is,
Of's good old Masters, no bad Picture,
That is, that Face describ'd in Scripture.

And, tho' it harder be to paint
An ugly Face, than a bright Saint,
To draw the Monſter we'll proceed,
That they, who like it, may go ſee't.

From Paper-ſcull, firſt thin and ſoft,
To d'off his Hat he ne'er was taught;
Which on his Forehead made a Dint,
That's now grown thick and hard as Flint;
But this is ſcarcely worth our naming,
For thick and thin Scull are the ſame thing.
Carrots dart out, like glitt'ring Rays,
Around his Head, and hollow Eyes,
He wears a Bunch of 'm on his Fox-crown,
Something like *Time*, but more a Cox-comb.

We

We do design to let alone
His Ears, and Reason good, h'as none:
But — what's his Name? by Chance, once spy'd 'em,
And vows his flagging Temples hide 'em.
His Pigs-Nies, sunk so deep i'th' Socket,
Seem almost bury'd in his Blockhead:
Or's if they peep'd within to spy
If they cou'd any Brain descry.
He wore out Part, by nat'ral Impulse,
Seeking the hidden Pow'r in Simples,
Which now's supply'd with Guts, grown useless,
Being subject both to Wind, and Looseness:
Of which we shall say more anon,
Therefore we'll stop, and so go on.

His

His Bridge-fall'n Nose, or double Pipe,
That carries Matter, when 'tis ripe,
From Brain, *Sloth*'s peaceful Labratory,
Is so pinch'd up, a pocky Story,
As if he could not bear his fulsom
Breath, which indeed was never wholsome.

His Mouth, tho' not for Sense, or Joke,
Or speaking Truth, is always ope;
'Tis Food he gapes at; for each Meal, on
Air, he can make, like a *Chameleon*,
Which mounts in Vapours, when concocted,
And makes strange Whirlwinds in his Blockhead;
Blows out the little Light the Creature
Had giv'n him, above Brutes, by Nature.

For his Discourse is seldom found
Other than empty senseless Sound;
That *Whitington*, as on the Bells,
It may be call'd, or something else:
Which th' *Ancients* do maintain proceeds
From th' Air on which he daily feeds.
To which the *Moderns* answer, and say,
That this is downright Whim, and Fancy;
For they prove he has Guts in's Brain,
That th' Excrements of Sense contain.
And there it's bred, in Jakes, as much
As other Wind, in other Guts.
There's bred too many 'a windy Notion,
Whence Wind-mills in the Head have Motion:

And,

And, as the learn'd in Snuff maintain,
A Sneeze is but a Fart of Brain:
If ſo, it plainly doth demonſtrate,
There's Guts in Brain: and thus they conſtrue 't;
But what he lives on they han't fix't,
Only that 'tis not on his Wits:
For cou'd he live on them, 'tis clear,
He might as eaſie live on Air.

A Chin, a Beardleſs one, he has,
A Knob it is of ruſty Braſs;
Which runs in Veins all o'er his Face,
Excepting here and there a Space:
Which makes him look, O cruel Fate!
As if he peep'd thro' brazed Grate.

Then 'tis not wonderful he's Beardleſs,
Since on his Chin h'as ſuch a hard Caſe.
But ſome ſay that is not the Cauſe,
But it depends on Nature's Laws;
'Cauſe Beard, and Wit ſhou'd be, forſooth,
Of the ſame ſtanding, and ſame Growth:
To prove of which h' has moſt, 'tis hard,
For ſome ſay Wit, and ſome ſay Beard.

His Buttocks are a Pair of Boulſters,
On which, for Eaſe, he bears his Shoulders:
His Shoulders, too, his Head do prop,
For want of Neck to keep it up.
His Chin's ſupported by his Breaſt;
And on his Thighs his Paunch doth reſt;

That one wou'd ſwear, this very Fellow
Was Model of firſt *Punchinello*;
And made by Nature's youngeſt 'Prentice,
E'er he had wrought on Form, or Senſes:
For ſure the Gods cou'd ne'er intend,
That leſs than Man ſhou'd Mankind mend.

Now let us look beneath his Bum,
Where we will hint at only one
Thing, that's to ſay, his Leg, and Foot,
Tho' two of each at once we'll do't:
Some Female Authors hold h' had three,
And one was lop'd about the Knee:
Or Fools, as in plain Words they write it,
Are always downwards well provided,

A Thing that more than recompences,
The Want of Learning, Wit, and Senſes.
But as to Boots they've been confin'd,
From vulgar Eyes, time out of mind,
All we can ſay, we take from Women,
That many times uncas'd have ſeen 'em,
And at their Shape been ſo enamour'd,
That they have thought their Station damn'd hard,
To be ſupporters, and to prop,
So vile a Load of Lumber, up.
All Creatures we for ſomething prize;
Aſſes for Milk; and Crabs for Eyes;
The Beaver for his Stones, in ſome Ails;
And Female Monkies, for their long Tails;

The Viper for his Greaſe, when ſtung;
And ev'n the Devil for his Dung.

His Boots, of which we lately ſpoke,
Are not like thoſe for common Folk;
For they were cut out of the Hide
O'th' *Trojan* Horſe, or elſe he ly'd.
Now as this Horſe, as Stories tell ye,
Hid a whole Army in his Belly:
So, in his Boots, he carries, clean,
All Parts of Phyſick, tho' unſeen.
For he that's conſtantly with dirty
Boots thus equip'd, not one in Forty
But lays his Life on't, that's the Wager,
He has more Judgment than his Neighbour.

A pretty Art to ſave a Noddle,
That can bear nothing, but to fuddle.
His Spurs were made of native Braſs,
The nat'ral Product of his Face,
By *Vulcan*'s Son, no matter which,
A famous Smith, and Brother Leach.
The Leathers were made ev'ry Bit o'
The Skin of's Nurſes Tail, *Catſto*.
The Rowels are of mighty Value,
For telling things paſt, and that ſhall be:
What tender-harted Nymph will buckle;
Who is, and who ſhall be a Cuckold;
Who ſhall have Children, and not marry,
Or how and when they may miſcarry;

Who ſhall be proſperous on the Main,
Sail o'er it, and return again;
What Beggar ſhall be quickly Great;
What Fool, Firſt Miniſter of State.
Theſe, tho' he's not a Necromancer,
And thouſand things beſide he'll anſwer,
By turning Rowel (Thus he ſpares
The Devil's Labour, Shive and Shares,
The Stars, and Planetary Scheme,
All Omens, and the Devil's Dream)
The which will turn, as true as Steel,
To Stone in Compaſs, call'd the Needle;
As Sow to Mire, or Dog to Vomit,
To things paſt, preſent and to come yet.

His

His Whip was made of Bone of Whale,
That ſwallow'd *Jonas* at a Meal;
B'ing cover'd o'er with Hide of Cow,
That *Guy* of *Warwick* ſlew 't a Blow:
To make a Laſh, the *Furies* gave
A Treſs of Serpents, to their Slave.
'Tis ſaid the Proverb hence took riſe,
He muſt needs go whom th' Devil drives.

His Coat was made of ſomething ſtrange,
It keeps out Heat, Cold, Wind, and Rains;
Some Authors, about half a Score,
No matter, whether leſs or more,
Say, 'tis that which *Æneas* wore,
To Hell, and back again to Shore.

Now as *Old-Nick* had no Pretence,
To take it from the *Trojan* Prince;
So neither Devil, nor his Dam, can
From's Back extort it; this we'll maintain.
And 'tis obſerv'd, without a Joke,
T' be ſeldom Coat, but often Cloak:
Worn ſultry *Dog-days*, as at *Chriſtmas*,
To make the World believe h'has Bus'neſs.
On which, by Art, there's fixt a Cape,
Inſtead of Rope, ſurrounding Neck;
O'er which he peeps, and turns his Noddle,
Like *Scaramouch*, or *Tom a-Doodle*.
So Mountebanks, his learned Brothers,
Make themſelves Fools, for to fool others.

The Animal Plant, ſo like a Sheep,
H'has often rear'd, and heard it bleat:
As one Beaſt is a Prey t'another;
This Plant hath other Plants for Fodder.
H'as Breeches of the Skin, ſo ſoft,
He knows not when they're on or off:
Which is the Reaſon, and a ſtout one,
He often runs away without 'em.

Having ſaid ſo much, without Rigour,
Both of his Dreſs, and outward Figure,
As we think worthy of Reciting,
Juſt at this preſent Time of Writing,
We now will take him by his ſhort Tail,
And inſide-out will turn the Mortal.

So mighty empty is his Scull,
Of ev'ry Art he thinks it full,
That, e'er we cou'd name half his Smartneſs,
The Sun wou'd leave us here in Darkneſs.
But knowing Time a Place will offer,
For ſuch a Purpoſe, much more proper,
We'll only give by way of Sample,
A little of his Skill ſo ample.

Firſt in Anatomy we'll quote his
Own quaint Diſcoveries, well worth Notice.
To find where Love reigns in the Heart
The Tyrant wounded ev'ry Part:
At length, with Joy, he did diſcover
'Twas ſometimes there, but often lower.

As th' Heart does all the Liquids move,
'Tis no fix'd Place for slipp'ry Love:
Hence oftentimes we see it darting
Thro' th' Eyes of Nymph, as if departing:
Sometimes the little Rogue grows wicked,
Creeps down, and plays his Pranks in Secret.
How then can Mankind stedfast prove?
Or there be Constancy in Love?
For, guided by a wand'ring Spirit,
Sure Flesh and Blood can ne'er forbear it.
Cuckolds he has dissected more
Than one, or two, or twenty Score:
Not only these of *English* Make,
But of all Parts where Women take

More Pains to ſend a Spouſe to Heaven,
Than go themſelves! O Love! O Women!
On inward Horns he wrote a Treatiſe,
Of any extant, yet, the neateſt.
For th' various Branchings, ſee his Copper
Cuts, grav'd in Size, and Figure, proper;
Where you will find the Variations
Of theſe from thoſe of other Nations,
With many ſmall ones, mighty ſharp,
Sprung from Adultʳy in the Heart.
Old *Paracelſus* he loves dearly,
And can drink more, yet ne'er be merry;
So he almoſt found out the Stone
To ſuch Philoſophers beſt known;

And hath exact his Way of Making
Children without a Wife, a Great Thing.
Moreover he, with little Stud'ing
Knows how *Van Helmont* made his Pudding,
Without Plumbs, Flower, Sewet, Batter,
Or any kind of earthly Matter.
Tho', *de Nihilo Nihil fit*,
That is to say, the Dev'l a bit
Of any thing is made on Earth,
But what from Matter takes its Birth.
Some Sots maintain: (quoth he) they flatter,
A Wound's a Wound when without Matter:
We've Ointment too for cicatrizing
Of nothing made, that makes a nice Skin.

But that which hath prolong'd his precious
Life, which h'has always lead ungracious,
Was making Simples his chief Study,
They grow beſt in a Brain that's muddy.
He took a Ramble once thro' *China*
Upon Report that one may find a
Certain Herb there, which they call *Puſu*,
Known no where elſe, of Heav'nly uſe too:
Thoſe that eat of it, they relate,
Are made Immortal, 'ſpite of Fate:
His Age doth prove it was his Luck
To find it, and the Greedy-Gut
Devour'd both Root and Branch; for ſince there's
None to be found by any Simplers.

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Devour'd both Root and Branch; for ſince there's
None to be found by any Simplers.

No wonder then he's ne'er for ſtinching,
Since he can't kill himſelf with Drinking.

He ſaw, with Microſcope, which ſtrange is,
In Muſtard Seed, great and ſmall Branches,
The Trunk, the Root, and ev'ry Twig
O'th' Tree that may ſpring from't, and's big;
Diſcern'd the Neſt, each Hair and Weed in't;
And Birds o'th' Air, that are to breed in't:
Nay, which is ſtranger ſtill, he'll tell ye
How many Eggs are 'n the Hen's Belly;
How many of them will be Hens,
How many Cocks: And there he ends.

Mandrag're being thus accouter'd,
Cap-a-pe, inward well as outward;

But finding that it was improper
To kill for himself, altho' a Doctor,
Without a trusty 'Pothecary,
At length fix't on *Clyster* rarely;
A clever Fellow for a Tool,
Compos'd as much of Knave as Fool.

His Tongue's hung with Impertinence,
Pleasing the Mob with seeming Sense,
Who take for Oracles his barren
Wild indigested Thoughts, and Jargon,
The more admir'd, the more profound,
Such are the Charms in empty Sound:
So Songs take, if the Tune be pleasing,
Without consid'ring Rhime, or Reason:

And Lap-dogs, by all Circumſtances,
With long Tongues tickle ſome Folks Fancies.
But, ſince he'll often come in play,
At preſent we ſhall only ſay,
That *Doctor Fauſtus*, and the Devil,
Were hardly better match'd for Evil.
To him *Mandrag'ra* wrote a Line,
Or two, to let him know his Mind,
That he deſign'd that very Night to
Diſcourſe with him, if ſo he might do;
Hinting the Buſ'neſs, as the Sages
Are wont, a little about the Edges.
Which was receiv'd, and Anſwer giv'n him,
That he wou'd be at Home that Ev'ning.

The Time being come *Mandrag'ra* fled,
With Speed, to wait on Loggerhead,
Who did receive him at the Threshold,
With Scrape, and Head bow'd low as A--hole.
From Door he led him into Shop shut,
The Magazine of Death, and Bloodshed,
There Devil like they sat well pleased
Amidst the Torments of Diseased;
Salts, Tinctures, Oils, Confections, Spirits,
Conserves, Arcanums, Extracts, Syrups,
Herbs, Balsams, Plaisters, Ointments, Loches,
Electuaries, Poisons, Troches,
Pills, Powders, Gally-pots, and Bottles,
Elixirs, and the Lord knows what else.

And over Head hung *Poll* on his Perch,
With Monsters of the Seas, and Deserts,
Who pop't a few Words, now and then, in,
As if h'had known their very Meaning.
Healths they drank many in full Brimmers,
Yet wish'd none any wicked Sinners;
But having over-dos'd, a Spoonful,
The Wine unlock'd the Doctor's Num-scull;
He drop'd his Jaw, then try'd his Tongue,
Took t'other Glass, and thus begun.

Iv'e heard, *Clyster*, that the *Antients*,
A Pox on those that read such Nonsence,
Did first from Beast, and Birds, and Fish eke,
Learn sev'ral Things now us'd in Physick.

If they, by following after Beast,
Learnt how to mend the Master-piece
Of Nature, Man; I'm not the least
Of Men alone, but also Beast:
For, let me tell you, with Concern,
He can't instruct, who ne'er cou'd learn.
I've try'd to think, 'tis very sad,
But Thoughts of studying turn my Head:
Then giddy ev'ry thing runs round me,
Now Clouds, then Light'ning quite confound me;
My Book grows double strait; and therefore
The World must own I am an Author.
By this I'm quallify'd for Practice,
For never Doctor, tho' he crack'd his

Brains with ſtudying, cou'd make much on't;
Till Age decay'd his Sence, and Judgment.
To make amends for this Defect,
If ſuch it be, in Intellect,
I've got an Author, right Fanatick,
Extemporary, and can quack it
As well's the Beſt. He a true Friend is
To all, that are not *Compos Mentis*:
For be Diſeaſe what 'twill, we hit it,
And without Thinking, as he writ it.
He's my whole Library, my Pocket
Serves for my Study, or my Cloſet.
Yet ſtill ſome, by my dull Diſguiſe,
Are Fools enough to think me wiſe,

But

But this 'till now I've made a Secret,
And you for your own Sake will keep it:
For I've long had Deſire moſt fervent
To be your very humble Servant;
To win your Favour, I'll ſay ſo much,
None ever die with empty Stomachs,
That are my Patients: For with Cordial
I make 'em drunk, and oft Immortal.
I've no regard, in giving Doſes,
Unto my Patients, but their Purſes:
A Thouſand Pound can take a Couple,
Five Hundred, ev'ry Day, one Bottle:
The Poor can't bleed at all, but Riches
Will bear it Twenty Times, and Leeches.

I know,

I know, in Cases that are urgent,
You well supply the Place of Surgeon:
Thus I ne'er order any thing,
But what brings you the Penny in:
Hence 'tis the Poor, being left to Nature,
So seldom fail of doing better.
To serve a Friend a Man of Mettle
Will venture Life in Field of Battle;
Who'd then regard the Lives of others
To serve a Friend, and his own Purposes?
For shou'd they happen to recover,
Next time they may consult another;
Or suddenly in Fit decease,
So farewel Medicines, and Fees:

Too oft I've ſeen't; but they ſhan't fool us,
Long as there's Julep, Pill, or Bolus:
From me they always have their Fill,
And then let Nature work her Will.
Of *Opportunity* the *Goddeſs*,
Tho' ſtrip'd ſtark-naked to the Cod-piece,
On Front alone a Lock of Hair has
For us to catch at, not her bare A——
Then he that ever loſt an Oppor-
tunity, muſt be a Self-Robber.
But ſtill, *Clyſtere*, there a Knack is
To me unknown, yet us'd in Practice,
By which ſome, of as little Learning
As I have, are thought more diſcerning:

Let one, they know, be ſick, I'll ſtand in't,
As ſure as Death, they have a Hand in't.
Now you, a Man of Obſervation,
Senſe, Judgment, and of Penetration,
Doubtleſs have made Remarks, as uſual,
Upon a thing ſo mighty uſeful.
If ſo, it will not me offend,
To be inſtructed by a Friend:
And, as I ſaid before, I now ſwear,
That you ſhall never be a Looſer.

Mandrag'ra had gone on, but Hickup
Quite ſtop'd his Breath, it came ſo quick up:
For whom *Clyſtero* fill'd a Bumper,
As well to cure, as to make drunker:

Then bad him hold his Breath as long
As e'er he cou'd: And thus went on:
You Men of Judgment, Senſe, and Arts,
So modeſt are, you hide your Parts;
While thoſe, that have leaſt Share of Senſe,
Are Wiſe, becauſe they've Impudence.
Whoever heard your Name muſt own
Your Skill, and Senſe, or wrong their own.
But I've no Aim at Panegyrick,
I've Words too few, you too much Merit.
Therefore, I firſt of all ſhall thank ye,
For what you've promis'd me ſo frankly:
I hope to ſee more of the Mind
That you are now of, mighty Kind:

And have obſerv'd from what you've ſaid,
The Sound to us are's good as Dead.
As I've obſerv'd what is conſiſtent
With m' Int'reſt, now I ſhall my Diſtance:
For I, Great Sir, ought to be cudgel'd,
Should I ſpeak my Thoughts when you're puzzl'd.
Proverbs were made for us to follow 'em,
By more than Seven Wiſe Men, and *Solomon*:
Two Heads of old they did agree,
Were better far than one cou'd be,
Tho' one of Brains had a great Plenty,
The other known to be full empty,
A Third's ſtill better then: Let's go ſee ——
He paus'd a while, and then cry'd: O me!

I know

I know a neighb'ring Town by Jingo's
Famous for Oyſters, and Eryngo's:
There *Proteus* lives, who, in this Kingdom,
Taught begging Bread firſt with a Sing-ſong:
Then with his Heels prov'd h'had no Dizzineſs
In Head, and danc'd into ſome Buſ'neſs:
After Romancing with the duller
Sort, he grew famous 'mongſt the Vulgar.
Under the Sun there's not one Thing
But he has either done, or ſeen.
The Stone, he melts away, like Ice,
In Reins, or Bladder, in a Trice:
The Gout he cures, in ev'ry Creature,
Except himſelf, and that's no Matter:

The very Dead he can restore;
A Salve he has for ev'ry Sore.
I saw him once produce a Plaister,
That wou'd, to which he swore, heal faster
Than Wound is made: No Scar's e'er seen:
When God knows, he knows no such thing.
But Impudence, with little Archness,
Conceals the Cheat, and makes the Artist.
His Name exactly sutes his Mind,
Which changeth oft'ner than the Wind.
So, here, he carries on the Frolick,
Say this Wine gripes, h'has strait the Cholick:
But rub your Hands, tho' in the Dog-days,
He then as cold as any Frog is:

T'avoid

T'avoid Diſputes; for he hates Wrangling,
He'll ſwear a Flea-bite is a Gangrene;
Penellope to all is common,
And *Meſſalina*'s a chaſte Woman;
Lynceus han't half an Eye, and ſo keen
Hypſæa looks, ſhe kills with Ogling;
Thunder is but a Whiſper; and the
Sun's a dark Cloud; Water is Brandy;
The Crow is white; and Snow is Cole-black;
The Civet ſtinks like any Pole-cat;
The Brisk are Dull; the Dull all Rapture;
As you begin, he ends the Chapter.
By this, with very little Skill in
Any one thing, and none in Healing,

His Name now makes ſo great a Rout in
The Country, few can die without him.
To him, with Caution, we'll unmask all,
I know he is (quoth *Poll*) *a Raſcal.*
Nothing on Earth hath Charms diviner
Than a full Quart or two of Wine, or
Thereabouts; 'till make a Cat ſpeak;
A Quaker ſwear; the Dumb chop Logic;
A Bawd ſing Pſalms; a Coward vapour;
And him ſpeak Truth in ſpite of Nature.
We'll go, and drink him down with Claret,
He'll then talk like (*Poll*) *pretty Parret.*
I've oft obſerv'd, as well as read,
That Fools with Flattery are fed:

Tell him how proud you'd be, and willing
Always to ſerve (quoth *Poll*) a *Villain*.
Tell him how much he's celebrated
A-round the Country: And how hated
For's Fame, by many vain Pretenders,
That can't find how he works his Wonders.
Tell him his Fame doth reach the Skies,
Jove finds he can Immortalize:
Tell him grim *Pluto* grinds his Teeth,
For keeping ſome too long on Earth:
And often name ſome mighty Miracle,
H'has wrought on Man, by Nature very frail.
For as one Di'mond cuts another,
And Juggler is found out by Juggler;

As Fire by Fire is often drawn out,
And one Rogue by another found out:
So he, that's a true Adulator,
Works on another of ſame Nature.
But, ſhould that miſs, mention a ſmall Sum
Of Money more or leſs 'tis all one,
You'd freely give to know that Secret,
And then, as you know how, repeat it.
'Tis that unlocks all hidden Myſteries,
From Stateſman's Head to Tail of Miſtreſs.
And here *Clyſtero* gravely ended.
Mandrag'ra being ſomething mended
To wake his Wits, he ſcratch'd his Pate,
And, as the Fit gave Leave, he ſpake.

I like,

I like, *Cly—ſtero*, your Pro—poſal
Extreamly well; but, as—'tis uſual,
Let's firſt— of all drink t'other Glaſs,
To our good Journey, and — Succeſs.
That may perhaps cure this damn'd — Hickup,
'Tis better but it will — not yet ſtop;
Then we'll give Orders for our — Horſes,
And early that Way ſteer — our Courſes.
At that *Clyſtero* brandiſh'd Peſtle
I'th' Air, and then he rang a freſh Peal
On th' Mortar for Supply of Wine,
And drank 'till both were drunk as Swine.
Then not being able to undreſs,
They both lay down for to refreſh:

Where we'll now leave them soundly snoring,
And bait our Muse until the Morning.

MANDRA-

MANDRAGORA;

OR, THE

QUACKS.

CANTO II.

WE left *Mandrag'ra*, and *Clyſtero*,
As ſoundly drunk as one ſhall hear o':
Th' agreed to lye till Six next Morning;
But Puſs began, long e'er the Dawning,
A Catterwauling Tune; her Lover
No ſooner heard, but own'd her Power;

For

For ſuch a Flame, ſung with ſuch Spirit,
Wou'd melt the hardeſt Heart to hear it.
The Door being open, and the Window,
We can't ſay which 'twere they got into;
But in they crept, and on the Boulſter,
Hard by *Mandragora*'s right Shoulder,
(As they lay croſs the Bed) the Smut-noſe
Young Slut to charm, *Tom* did his utmoſt;
The more to pleaſe her the poor Fool did,
The more ſhe ſwore, ſhe rav'd, ſhe ſcolded:
That, 'leſs they had been Man and Wife,
They cou'd not act it more to Life.
Their Senſes ever yet too ſtrong for
Truth, dreſs'd with Arguments, to conquer,

Being thus by pow'rful Wine o'erwhelmed,
And cloſe confin'd in Scull, Brain's Helmet,
Both ſtarted up, in great Diſorder,
And cry'd out Rogues! Thieves! Fire! and Murder!
The loving Couple, being ſcar'd,
From Joys they to Nine Lives prefer'd,
Did on each other caſt their flaming
Eyes, ſore agaſt to hear ſuch Screaming,
And panting wonder'd at the Racket,
That ſpoil'd their Sport, and ſat their Back up:
At length perceiving the poor Urchins
A peeping from behind the Curtains,
Away they ran into the Shop,
Where Glaſs, and Bottle went to Pot,

Which

Which ſo the Family alarmed,
That ev'ry Soul was forth-with armed,
Vowing Revenge upon the Thief,
That ſtole the Inſtruments of Death:
For Med'cines are in Hands of Fools,
Or Mad-men very fatal Tools.

But cruel *Fate*, alas, prevented
The dire Revenge they had intended:
For *Tom* found out a Cold Emulſion,
And told his Miſtreſs that 'twas wholſome
Milk: And then lapt it up ſo faſt,
As if it were t've been their laſt:
And ſo to both it prov'd, indeed,
By vertue of ſome baneful Seed,

Tho'

Tho' they'd Nine Lives, all was a Bubble,
For all they loſt, unhappy Couple;
As he, as ſure's a Gun, for whom
Clyſtero made it, muſt ha done
By this time, who ſhou'd lead the Heroes,
Having drawn Lots, it prov'd *Clyſtero*'s:
Who, on his Head, altho' in truth
It ever had been Muſket-proof,
A Mortar plac'd, and for his Truncheon
A maſſy Peſtle took in one Hand,
And in the other a Dark-lantern,
And thus he ſpoke, with no ſmall Concern.
Were't in my Trade it wou'd be lawful,
And killing ne'er cou'd make me thoughtful;

But War's Events are ſo uncertain,
And Fools in Fight have ſuch good Fortune,
It makes me doubtful whether I
Shou'd boldly ſtand, or wiſely fly.
What's worſe, I find there's ſuch a Thing
As Conſcience, now I feel the Sting,
'Tis wounded, and the Wound does feſter,
Which racks my Soul, as if a Bliſter
Were laid upon my naked Brain,
To cauſe ſo exquiſite a Pain.
I muſt confeſs, that this Remorſe is
Sprung from a Dream, odd and prepoſt'rous,
But ſuch as I've known often happen;
I'll tell the Story, if you'll harken.

I dream't, in Church, that I, laſt *Sunday*,
Were filling of a Scull, crack'd ſoundly,
With Haſty-pudding, piping hot,
When full, it clos'd itſelf, methought,
And thus ſaid to me, with a ſhrill Voice,
'Twas thou, *Clyſtero*, thou didſt kill us
All, and haſt fill'd this Place, and other,
With Father, Mother, Siſter, Brother,
That, but for thee, had been on Earth,
Thou Meſſenger of ſudden Death.
Awake, of what thou'ſt done conſider,
E'er 'tis too late, thou wicked Creature,
Thy Death ſhall alſo be as ſudden,
As thou mad'ſt ours, thou Leech, thou Blood-hound.

I thought the Dead had learnt, by keeping
So much good Comp'ny, better Breeding.
It ſtill went on, but as the Brain
Or Pudding cou'd not long retain
Its vital Warmth, in Speech it faulter'd,
For want of Breath, which ſo much alter'd,
The true Connex'on, that I can't
Repeat the Reſt, it ſpoke ſo faint.
My Head, e'er ſince that frightful Slumber,
Hath ach'd, as if 'twou'd ſplit in ſunder:
And all the Words the Parſon ſpake,
After I yawn'd my ſelf awake,
Were only theſe (for he was then
Concluding) Sudden Death, Amen.

Thoſe things agreeing, indicate
Something of my unlucky Fate,
Which to prevent, I'll keep me from my Foes,
For, ſure I am, all this is ominous.
But you, that have leſs Senſe than Courage,
(I'll keep my Breath to cool my Porridge)
May fight like Soldiers, there's none ſold,
And get a Place in t'other World.
With Ire then did *Mandrag'ra's* Eyes
Twinkle like Stars of no great Size,
Big with Revenge; for's little Phoſphorous
Soul being diſturb'd grew mighty boiſterous,
And play'd bo-peep, alternate Flaſhing
Thro' this, then t'other Eye with Paſſion,

As if she meant to break a Quarrel
I'th' Glass, thro' which she views the World.
He then clos'd Eye-lids, and drew Night
O'er both the little Globes of Light,
His Eyes turn'd in on angry Soul,
Gave her a Wink, bad her be cool,
In vain: They then internal Tears shed
Upon the Part where Anger blazed,
Which quench'd the Flame. Then he began:
We've lost one Part of the Harangue.
As we, what Death Mankind shall die,
Prescribe, and you the Means apply,
Whether by Compound, Drug, or Mineral:
So 'tis with Soldiers, and the General;

As

He

He first gives Orders how to do't,
And they, like you, must execute,
The Post of General for the Reason,
That I've already to you given,
Not to make mention of my Merit,
My Valour, Conduct, mighty Spirit,
And Twenty thousand things beside,
That you shall find as oft as try'd,
I justly claim: For't shall be known,
That I can kill more Ways than one.

Therefore let all those Idle Dreams
Be laid aside, they are but Whims,
Confus'd Idea's from the Motion
O'th' Brain, of something we have thought on,

Or ſeen, or heard before? For when
In Sleep the Brain is mov'd, the ſame,
As in time paſt, the Mind it pleaſes,
Or ſore affrights, with paſt Idea's:
But knows no more of what's to come,
Than's Holineſs the Pope of *Rome*.
Were thoſe Conceptions true, why's not then,
Thus, ev'ry Mother's Child begotten
As often born? and Monſters ſtranger
Than ever Poet feign'd, or Painter?
'Tis true, of what we fear, we dream,
And the Event is oft the ſame;
For 'f one, for Gold, ſhou'd break thro' Iron,
He fears, dreams of, and comes to *Tyburn*.

Such Dreams are from an anxious Mind,
But the Event is from the Crime.
So from the Diſpoſition of the
Body, our Dreams are good or naughty:
In Fevers, wanting them, our Dreams
Are cooling Breezes, purling Streams:
In blooming Youth we hug the Fair,
Until we run the Jeſt ſo far,
The Soul diſſolves, the Spirits fly,
We wake —— but, ah! no Nymph is by.
In all thoſe Caſes you may find
The Body working on the Mind:
For Nature, by quite diff'rent Cluſes,
In Dreams, communicates, and ſhows us

In what we're wanting, what abounding,
And may beſtow upon a ſound Friend.
But, how in other Dre ms we ramble,
Let one of yours be an Example:
Once *Hercules*, that you might find it,
Plac'd a large Pot of Gold ne'er coin'd yet,
With th' Effigies o'th' Ninth King *Henry*,
When born, and dead, of pious Mem'ry.
Pray, did you ever find the Pence?
Confeſs, and own thy want of Senſe.
No leſs abſurd are all our Dreams,
But thoſe we've nam'd of future Things;
For why ſhou'd Man, when dead aſleep,
Look into the Decrees of Fate?

And if decreed they'd happen all, for
Fate is ſo fix'd, it cannot alter;
But here we find Ten thouſand Blanks,
And, once an Age, perhaps, a Chance.
Come, come, let Courage once more dart,
Thro' thoſe dejected Eyes, from Heart;
And let the Circulating Maſs
Now rubify thy pallid Face:
As, while that moves, we live and breath,
So, when it ſtops, 'tis inſtant Death;
As now it does in thy wan Viſage;
Then venture Life to avoid Diſgrace:
He's happier far, who bravely dies,
Than one, that faints with Cowardiſe.

Methinks, I see thy Countenance
Already chang'd: boldly advance;
Lead on thy Men; make Death a Scoff;
And, Life for Life, I bring you off.
But let us all first take a Dram,
That Spirit adds to mortal Man.
'Tis Brandy chears a drooping Soul;
Gives Youth to Age; makes Cowards bold;
And the faint Heart beat two for one,
Without the Trumpet's Sound, or Drum:
Then Death we scorn, we laugh at Distress,
And court Destruction as a Mistress.
He said, and strait round went a Bumper,
As all must do, that think to conquer:

For when the Brain's a little crasy,
'Tis never beaten out so easy:
'Cause Men are strongest in mad Fits,
And do more Mischief than your Wits.

So e'er the *Turks* ingage in Battle,
To make their Fury dire and fatal,
They *Opium* take, 'till grown so drunk,
They ne'er feel Bullet, Wound, or Thump,
But each Man, fighting in Disorder,
Kills more than any Ten Men, sober.

Clyster-pipe then from Face, and Eyes,
Rub'd off all Fear, and Cowardise:
The Mortar, having quite forgot it,
He took for Hat, and went to cock it:

To's Men he ſpoke, bold as a Hero,
Who anſwer'd with *Huzza! Clyſtero!*
Mandrag'ra was not very jealous,
That he had won the Hearts o'th' Fellows;
'Cauſe, by his Poſt, he was ſecurely
Fenc'd againſt Bodily Injury,
Which was his Aim: He cou'd not long for
Fame, who had never heard of Honour.
He then gave Orders they ſhou'd march,
And ſo they did, with dauntleſs Hearts:
Armed they were with Pitch-forks, Broom-ſticks,
Tongs, Pokers, Paring-ſhovels, long Spits.
Boldly into the Shop they ruſh'd,
As if they Strove who ſhou'd be firſt.

They

They ſhov'd *Clyſtero* all along,
Put out the Candle, and threw from
His Head, with dreadful Force, the Mortar,
Which put him into freſh Diſorder.
But, quick as Thought, he did recover
His Legs; and Peſtle brandiſh'd over
His Head, for to keep off the En'my,
If in his Way there had been any.
A Bladder over Head did hang,
Which he, at Random, gave a Bang;
Agaſt, he ſwore the Houſe was haunted,
H'had ſtruck the Dev'l's Head off he'd warr'nt it;
It muſt be ſo, ay, that it muſt,
'Twas Air, 'twou'd not reſiſt the Touch.

Mandrag'ra, seeing them i'th' Dark,
Was put to's Trumps; but pluck'd up Heart,
Ran to the Door, valiant and stout,
And lock'd 'em in, to fight it out.
Not knowing who was Friend, or Foe,
At it they went, and Blow for Blow
Went round, until they did discover,
That they were mauling one another.
What Blood was spilt no Tongue can tell ye,
With Liquors of much greater Value:
The pow'rful *Stephans* did submit,
And *Langius* cou'd not stop the Fit,
But down they came, and, as they fell,
They chear'd the Wounded with the Smell.

Mandrag'ra had diſpatch'd a damn'd Boy,
That ſtay'd too long, to fetch a Flambeau;
At laſt being come, he ſent him in,
The Light ſat all to rights again.
For having caſt their Eyes around,
Not finding Foe to kill or wound,
They ſaw how they had thump'd each other,
And thank'd their Stars, there was no Murder.
Tom, and his Miſtreſs, on the Counter,
Were both found dead, as flat as Flounder:
Th' Emulſion on their Lips, and Smellers,
Shew'd how they dy'd; poor harmleſs Fellows.
Comparing ev'ry thing that paſt
Th' agreed, unanimous, at laſt,

That all took riſe from the Deceaſed:
But not a Man of them ſeem'd pleaſed:
For, when a Soldier's Stomach's up,
A little Blood won't ſtuff his Gut.
Nothing did then remain, but that
O'er ſeeming Vict'ry they ſhou'd chat;
Which rais'd, to ſuch a Pitch, their Mettle,
They wanted Foes to make it ſettle;
Only *Glyſtero* had confounded
Trouble to dreſs the valiant Wounded.
Which being done, *ſecundum Artem*,
They mounted Steed: No Fleſh cou'd ſtart 'em:
Nor Whip, nor Spur, nor all the Treſſes
O'th' *Furies* e'er cou'd mend their Paces.

Our Author's very doubtful whether
Eye 'twas the Knight's Horſe had, or neither:
But 'tis well known thoſe both did need,
And were of *Hudibras* his Breed:
Begot, 'tis vouch'd, on *Ralpho*'s Mare,
As any one, that ſaw 'em, wou'd ſwear.
They both were lame; one in the further,
In the near Leg before, the other,
That as they, Side by Side, did jog on,
They made a Figure, faith, an odd one.
Their Loſs of Eyes, we do ſuppoſe,
Was recompenc'd with Length of Noſe:
For they can ſmell a Door, or Gate,
As eaſie as you can a Rat,

They never yet went by a Door,
(Unleſs the Family were poor:
'Tis ſtrange, but yet they know't, by Scent,
As well as they that feel the Want:)
But halted firſt, as 'tis good Manners,
Whether the Flock be Friends, or Strangers,
For them to ask, how all within are?
As who wou'd ſay, *Work for the Tinker.*

Not very far from Town they got,
E'er they were follow'd by a Flock
Of Crows, that made a diſmal Croking;
Clyſtero ſaid 'twas certain Token
Of Rain: Then whip'd, and ſpur'd his Steed,
In vain, he cou'd not mend his Speed.

Mandrag'ra vow'd, he'd lay a Hogſhead
Of Wine, he err'd in his Prognoſtick:
Which ſhou'd be drunk that Day, at Dinner,
And *Proteus* judge who was the Winner,
For I've obſerv'd (quoth he) Crows ever
Are not Foretellers of wet Weather:
Nor do they flock ſtill to make merry on
Nothing but their old Break-faſt, Carrion.
Often o'er Villages, and Cities,
They fly, where Epidemic Sickneſs
Sweeps of great Numbers; ſeldom flying
Out of the Scene of Dead, and Dying.
By foll'wing them I've oft been led
To many'a dying Patient's Bed;

Rode Miles out of my Way, if he,
That minds his Bus'neſs, ſo may ſay.
And now I've Hopes, let us but mind
Where they do light, we Work ſhall find.
Then both, well pleaſed, look'd behind 'em
T'obſerve their Flight: But ſoon did find 'em
To be in queſt (which chang'd their Tone)
O'th' Horſes Carr'on, and their own.
For down they came like rav'nous *Harpies*,
And fell pell-mell upon the Carcaſe
Of Man, and Beaſt. So fierce is Hunger,
That had they ſtay'd one Moment longer
They'd ſwallow'd Horſe and Man at once,
They were too hungry to pick Bones.

But,

But, as the Dev'l wou'd hav't, a Boy,
Whoſe Bus'neſs was for to deſtroy
Such Vermin as devour the Corn,
Seeing them near his Fields ſo ſwarm,
Diſcharg'd a Musket at the Flock,
And ſev'ral kill'd upon the Spot.
The reſt ſmelling the fatal Powder,
More curs'd by them, than lov'd by Soldier,
Took Flight; except one over ſtout,
That took hold of *Clyſtero*'s Snout,
And was to quit it very loth,
Until *Mandrag'ra* whipt him off.
Of Noſe *Clyſtero* loſt an Inch,
And has look'd handſomer e'er ſince.

Mandrag'ra

Mandrag'ra fay'd his Face with's Breath,
Which ſtunk juſt Fifty-five to Death.
Their patient Beaſt had many a Pinch,
But ſcorn'd to ſtart, to kick, or winch.
By computation 'twas an Hour,
Before their Wits they did recover:
For ev'ry Foot they grew delirous,
And catch'd, and ſnatch'd, and look'd like Scare-(crows.
They Nothing ſaw before their Eyes,
But Birds of Prey, in all the Skies:
Fancy'd themſelves pickt to the Bones,
And cry'd, and ſigh'd, with bitter Groans.
Bedlam cou'd ne'er produce ſuch Frenſie,
As they expreſs'd during this Whimſie!

Nor

Nor ever did the worſt of Wretches,
In Fever, make ſo many Snatches.
For they in ev'ry Part were bitten,
And almoſt, as they fancy'd, eaten.
Juſt in the midſt of their mad Fits,
Fortune, that ſad unlucky Bitch,
Diſpatch'd, in Poſt-haſte, a young Man to 'm,
Whoſe very merry *Great-Great-Grannum*
Lay raving mad, as 'twas ſuppos'd,
But ſhe had only over-dos'd;
A Thing ſhe never did before,
In Six Score Years, Three Months, one Hour,
And ſhe not being a ſtench Toſs-pot,
It made her talk like a young Goſſip.

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Juſt in the midſt of their mad Fits,
Fortune, that ſad unlucky Bitch,
Diſpatch'd, in Poſt-haſte, a young Man to 'm,
Whoſe very merry *Great-Great-Grannum*
Lay raving mad, as 'twas ſuppos'd,
But ſhe had only over-dos'd;
A Thing ſhe never did before,
In Six Score Years, Three Months, one Hour,
And ſhe not being a ſtench Toſs-pot,
It made her talk like a young Goſſip.

Their Rider: And, not being quick
In Motion, put them to the ſqueak
So long and loud, that e'er 'twas over
Both their loſt Senſes did recover.
The *Rake* firſt ask'd 'em how they did,
And help'd 'em each to mount his Steed;
Told 'em how much they ſeem'd in Danger;
The Reaſon askt? but without Anſwer.
Then, 's if the very Spring h'had known,
That moves his Soul to move his Tongue,
He ſtrait began to tell the Meſſage,
He came about, with ev'ry Paſſage,
He cou'd remember, to the Doctor.
Quoth he; not half of this is proper:

Tell me how circulates the Cash,
'Tis that muſt move, or *Fleſh is Graſs*,
Say, has ſhe Soul enough to ſave
Her Body, for a while, from Grave.
Apothecary, *Surgeon*, *Doctor*,
The *Fates* are ſtil'd, and not improper:
For, while a Patient draws his Purſe-ſtring,
We ſpin the Thread, as fine as Muſlin;
But, when thoſe Strings are found too ſlack,
The 'Surgeon's left the Thread to ſnap.
Thus Man, according to's Eſtate,
Hath more or leſs the Reins of *Fate*,
By what I've ſaid you'll eaſie know,
Whether we're for your Turn, or no.

In Breach of Manners, and good Nature,
Too long in Conſcience; you, kind Creature,
In pity to the Youth diſtreſt,
Give to the Aged laſting Reſt.

The Thing laſt mention'd is my Fate,
Long I've been kept from an Eſtate,
Only by this Eternal Woman;
Sh'as almoſt twice liv'd o'er the common
Age of her Sex; and look'd this Day
As if her Bloom wou'd ne'er decay.
This Fit won't do her Job, I dare ſay,
Unleſs you be a Man of Mercy.
To make one happy e'er the Time,
In Juſtice can't be thought a Crime.

Tho'

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Tho' few 're in haſte to ſee *Elyſium*,
She won't think much on't when ſhe is gone.
But to the Purpoſe: Sh'has a little
Too much o'th' Vice of ancient People:
Nay, ſhe's ſo niggardly and ſtingy,
You for a Fee may wait till Dooms-day.
This juſtly's call'd the Root of Evil;
I'm ſure I hate it as the Devil,
And ever ſhall. But, to convince ye,
This Purſe will ſpeak more than I can ſay,
Which take as Earneſt. 'Tis a hateful
And curſed thing, to be ungrateful.
But not a Word more now, but Mum;
We to our Journey's End are come:

Were she but got to hers, you'd own
My Soul, by far, out-went my Tongue.
We then wou'd have one common Pocket,
No Key, from you, shou'd ever lock up
One Penny, while so much remain'd,
God knows my Heart, and here's my Hand.
And you, *Clystere*, shall inherit
A Part, I love a Man of Merit.
Then all dismounted, 's quick as cou'd be;
The *Rake*, to shew the real Duty,
And Love he bore to an Estate,
His *Grannum* had together rakt,
Pinch'd out off her own Guts, and other
Folks, that did therefore daily curse her

Yearly to add ſome Piece of Land,
To make this Babe of Grace a Man;
Firſt in his Snuff-box put his Finger,
Then in his Eyes, and try'd to whimper,
And ſcrew it up to mournful Tune,
Before they got into the Room.
For tho' the Jointure came of Courſe,
Of this, at will, ſhe cou'd diſpoſe:
He therefore thought it meet to cry,
That he might laugh another Day.
Then to the Room he led them, where
He ſtood unſeen to over-hear.
Mandrag'ra ſtrait approach'd the Bed,
Where the old Lady prattling laid,

Talking of Husbands, Love, Peaſe-porridge,
And all the dear Delights of Marriage;
As if it were an endleſs Itching,
That charm'd both in, and after ſcratching:
That Man and Wife, by mutual Fits,
Did itch to ſcratch, and ſcratch to itch;
And like a Fiddle, and the Artiſt,
The more in Tune, the more in Practice.

She had continu'd, but the Doctor,
In awkward Speech, did interrupt her;
Saying, it grieves me much a Lady,
At ſuch an Age, ſhou'd talk ſo madly
Of Love, and all his pleaſing Freaks;
It plainly ſhews, you've loſt your Wits.

Or does the *God* shoot flaming Darts,
To harden in old frigid Hearts:
That when at Heart of Flint he shoots,
They may strike Fire at ev'ry Touch?
Be that as 'twill, you're in a sad Case,
What's Love in Youth, in Age is Madness:
But something else, besides your Heart,
There is affected, I assert:
Nay, the Disease, as you're a Dry-nurse,
As surely's *Furor Uterinus*.

Therefore, good Madam, let me feel
Your Pulse; your Eyes look mighty ill;
Those Eyes, that once, with ev'ry Glance,
As surely kill'd, as Sword or Lance.

And let me see that Tongue from which
Love drop'd his Bitters, and his Sweets,
In youthful Days: In them did kill,
Or cure, as certain as a Pill.
To cast your Water too, I come,
Which from Love's ruin'd Fountain sprung,
Where *Cupid*, with the little *Nymphs*,
Once play'd, 'till he fell o'er the Brinks,
And, tasting the Celestial Liquor,
He rose, took Breath, and plung'd the Deeper.
Now all those Days are past and gone;
Tho' *Cupid* be for ever young,
The Mark at which he shoots, tho' fair,
In Time decays, beyond repair.

Betwixt her Teeth she held her Tongue,
While, thus, *Mandrag're* rattled on;
Which was a grievous Pain to one,
That always lov'd to hear it run.
She play'd the Nurse, to bring her Handsin,
And in her Arms a *Doll* was dandling,
With which, and not a little Violence,
She broke his Head, and then broke Silence.
Sirrah! (quoth she) I still am handsom,
My Blood is warm; I'm not so ancient,
But I may have a Husband still,
And Sons, and Daughters, and I will.
Your Story's blind, and so's your God,
Give me a Man of Flesh, and Blood,

Whose

Whose Wounds are as a Surgeon's meant,
To ease, and give the Heart Content.

The *Rake* then thought it time t'express
His Grief, and shew his doleful Face:
He drew the Curtain with a Sigh,
And wept, and groan'd most bitterly:
His Heart was swoll'n so mighty big,
He had not Room for Breath to speak,
For half an Hour, or thereabout,
At last those Words, for Grief, burst out.

Your Case, I greatly fear, Dear Madam,
Is worse by far than you imagine:
The Doctor's Judgment's ever sure;
He knows your Case, that's half the Cure:

What

What he preſcribes, pray be ſo kind,
To take for your own Sake, and mine.
For ſhou'd you die, by all the Pow'rs
Above, I cou'd not live Two Hours.
Then, choak'd with Grief, he loſt his Speech,
And on the Floor he fell in Fits.

To ſee her Boy ſo ſore afflicted,
It made his *Grannum* much dejected:
She bad *Mandrag'ra* ſhew his Art,
And cure the Darling of her Heart;
Then ſhe'd be rul'd by him, and not
Refuſe, tho' Death were in the Pot.

After a great deal done, and ſaid,
He brought to Life the ſeeming Dead:

And then with-drew, for to conſider
Of ſomething fit for the old Creature.
Clyſtero, who has greater Stock
Of Poiſon in his Soul than Shop,
Adviſ'd him to diſpatch her ſlowly,
Or elſe his Honour wou'd be lowly
Lain in the Duſt. Beſides 'twill hinder
A Thing (quoth he) of which you're tender,
My Length of Bill: Therefore, pray, take
My Counſel, and I'm in your Debt.
Mandrag'ra ſtrait in Hand did take
The Pen, and, with the Ink of Fate,
He wrote: Then bad her be appeas'd,
For ſhe ſhou'd live as long's he pleas'd;

And promis'd her, with feigned Sorrow,
To pay a Visit, on the Morrow.

The *Homicides* then on their Journey
Proceeded: Tho' 'twere mighty Stormy,
So fast asleep the Dev'l had lull'd them,
That spite of Conscience, and a Whirl-wind,
They ne'er awoke 'till they were blown,
Through thick and thin, to 'foresaid Town.
For then their Steeds their Ears did prick up,
And helter-skelter through the Wicket
Of the first Tavern, with more Speed,
Than e'er they made before, they fled:
Which both the Murd'rers on the Ground laid,
One bruis'd, the other slightly wounded.

Proteus, who ſtood at little Diſtance,
Ran ſpeedily to their Aſſiſtance,
Led them into the Houſe, and brought
Both to their former Senſe, and Thought
Then, having drunk, for Joy, t'a Pitch,
Mandragora thus began his Speech:

Long have I, *Proteus*, try'd to get
Practice, a Name, and an Eſtate,
By ev'ry Stratagem, and Trick,
That e'er was known, or practis'd yet,
By any one, but you, ſince *Adam*;
You've charming Secrets: If I had 'em,
To you I'd freely all impart,
And keep no Secret in my Heart.

As Lovers do, ſo real Friends,
Their Hearts, and Secrets, ſhou'd exchange:
I'm yours; or, *Bacchus*, let this Wine
Be my laſt Glaſs: I hope y'are mine.

Then he the Methods did repeat,
That he had us'd the World to cheat:
How often, and how much h'had done,
To make ſome Female Hearts his own,
Both in the Country, and the Town.
To cry him up, and others down:
How many Years, with ſmall Succeſs,
Had always been in Riding-dreſs,
Ever on Horſeback, that, in Banter,
He often had been call'd a *Centaur*:

With

With Twenty things, ſo mean and baſe,
No Ear can bear, no Muſe rehearſe.

Clyſtero, ſeeing nought had Force,
Gave him a Hint, to draw his Purſe:
Which he perform'd with artful Air,
To let it fall by *Proteus'* Chair:
Who took it up, the Work admir'd,
(By what was in it being inſpir'd)
Then offer'd it back to the Owner:
Who told him it wou'd be an Honour,
If that, and what was in't he'd take,
And wiſh'd it of more Worth for's Sake.
Proteus the Bait did gaping ſwallow,
Took Breath, and ſpoke what now does follow.

The Method, Sir, which you've recited,
Is often us'd, and seldom slighted:
But no Man can my Counsel need
Of your vast Age, and vaster Wit:
The Way you've taken, I confess,
I've likewise try'd with some Success;
But finding that it never wrought,
Only on People void of Thought,
Led by the Mother of Invention,
I acted as I now shall mention.

To gull the World, and blind their Senses,
I made Ten thousand fair Pretences,
That I had Castles in the Air,
And an Estate, the Lord knows where,

Juſt leſt me by a near Relation,
A Man of Merit, Wealth, and Faſhion,
Whoſe Name, whoſe Perſon, and whoſe Eſtate,
Ne'er yet, but in the Brain, exiſted.

I then, to carry on the Cheat,
Strait put my ſelf in Mourning deep:
With Joy, and Grief, I told the Tale,
Grief caus'd a Tear, and Joy a Smile,
That it ſeem'd difficult to tell,
If Joy, or Grief did moſt prevail,
Which turn'd the Ballance of my Mind,
Th' Eſtate bequeath'd, or Loſs of Friend.

Having, thus, brought the World to think
My Tale as true, as Gold is Bright,

I ſtrait

I ſtrait grew wiſe, and ev'ry Great,
As good as the Eſtate I got:
For Senſe, Skill, Goodneſs, nothing flouriſheth,
Without Eſtate, which All Things nouriſheth.
Then I got Fame, and, with great Eaſineſs,
Ran into Debt, jumpt into Buſineſs.
Some madly did all Senſe abandon,
And ne'er were well 'till I trepand 'em:
And others long'd as much to give
A Fee, as I did to receive:
Not that they mad were or unhealthy,
But t' get my Cuſtom, being wealthy.
There lives a Lady near this Town
To me, for Reaſons good, beſt known,

Who, hearing of my happy Fortune,
Did me ſo earneſtly importune,
To take of her Five hundred Pound
On Rep. 'till I receiv'd my own,
That modeſt I cou'd not refuſe her.
Quoth ſhe; I cannot be a Loſer,
Grant me thy Comp'ny now and then,
Thou moſt compleat of Gentlemen.
She found in ev'ry Part ſuch Beauty,
That to admire, ſhe call'd it Duty;
O'er-look'd my Ignorance, and Lewdneſs,
And in their Stead plac'd Senſe, and Goodneſs:
Then ſhe extoll'd my Air, and Meen,
With Twenty Charms before unſeen;

Read ſuch a Lecture on each Feature,
I thought my ſelf another Creature.
One Sun was wanting in the Skies,
To match the Beams of my Two Eyes:
My rotten Teeth were grown ſo white,
That Snow, compar'd with them, was Jet:
Of all the Aromatick Spices
My ſtinking Breath excell'd the niceſt.
From Head to Tail, in ev'ry Part,
Both ſhe, and Nature ſhew'd their Art.
Thus Vertue, Charms, and Graces baniſh
Far from the Rich all Spots and Blemiſh:
For I, whom late the vileſt Scandal
Cou'd not expoſe, am now an Angel.

This false Report went so long current,
And, as 'tis common, Folk made more on't
Time after time, as 'was repeated,
For Stories gather at a great Rate,
Whether they praise us, or disparage,
They never lose a bit in Carriage.
So long, I say, it went for good,
'Till I had got so much in Vogue,
That, by my Practice, in a short Time,
I paid my Debts, and made my Fortune.
And now it is much more believ'd
By all, than when at first deceiv'd,
That I, of several Manners, am
The Lord, which still supports my Name.

But when that tender hearted Creature,
So fond of making me her Debtor,
Heard I had brought a Wife, and Child,
To Town, she instantly ran wild:
She curs'd more Stars, by one and one,
Than e'er were seen above *Horizon*:
Vow'd ne'er One faithful Man was known
On Earth; and not Two in the Moon:
Swore Men, like Hounds, did hunt, and pursue
Poor Women, little harmless Conies;
That th' God of Love was God of Madmen,
And that his Paradise was *Bedlam*;
That *Ætna*'s Flames were Frosts cool,
Compar'd with those in jealous Soul.

After

After she had rav'd as long's she could,
To shew her Vengeance, and conclude,
With Pray'rs she beg'd a Curse of Jove
On th' God of Marriage, and of Love.
But, when she grew sedate and cool,
I told her 'twas a standing Rule,
That Hearts play Truant after Wedlock,
He breaks Love's Chain, she Picks his Padlock;
That, likewise, 'twas a Truth Undoubted,
That Hearts were stronger link'd without it:
For what was Bliss, is none when common,
A Mistress now and then's the Woman.
She blush'd, she sigh'd, and first thought much on't,
At last agreed, and jump'd in Judgment.

To

To what, *Mandrag'ra*, I've repeated,
I more cou'd add, if Time permitted:
But this may ſerve you, as a Scheme,
To form a better Stratagem.
With Learning ne'er perplex thy Pate,
'Tis uſeleſs grown, and out of Date:
The only Way's t' invent ſome Trick,
'Tis lawful, *All the World's a Cheat.*

FINIS.

MVSEVM
BRITAN
NICVM

FINIS.